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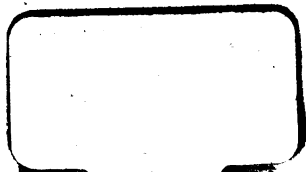
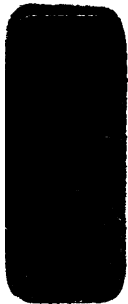
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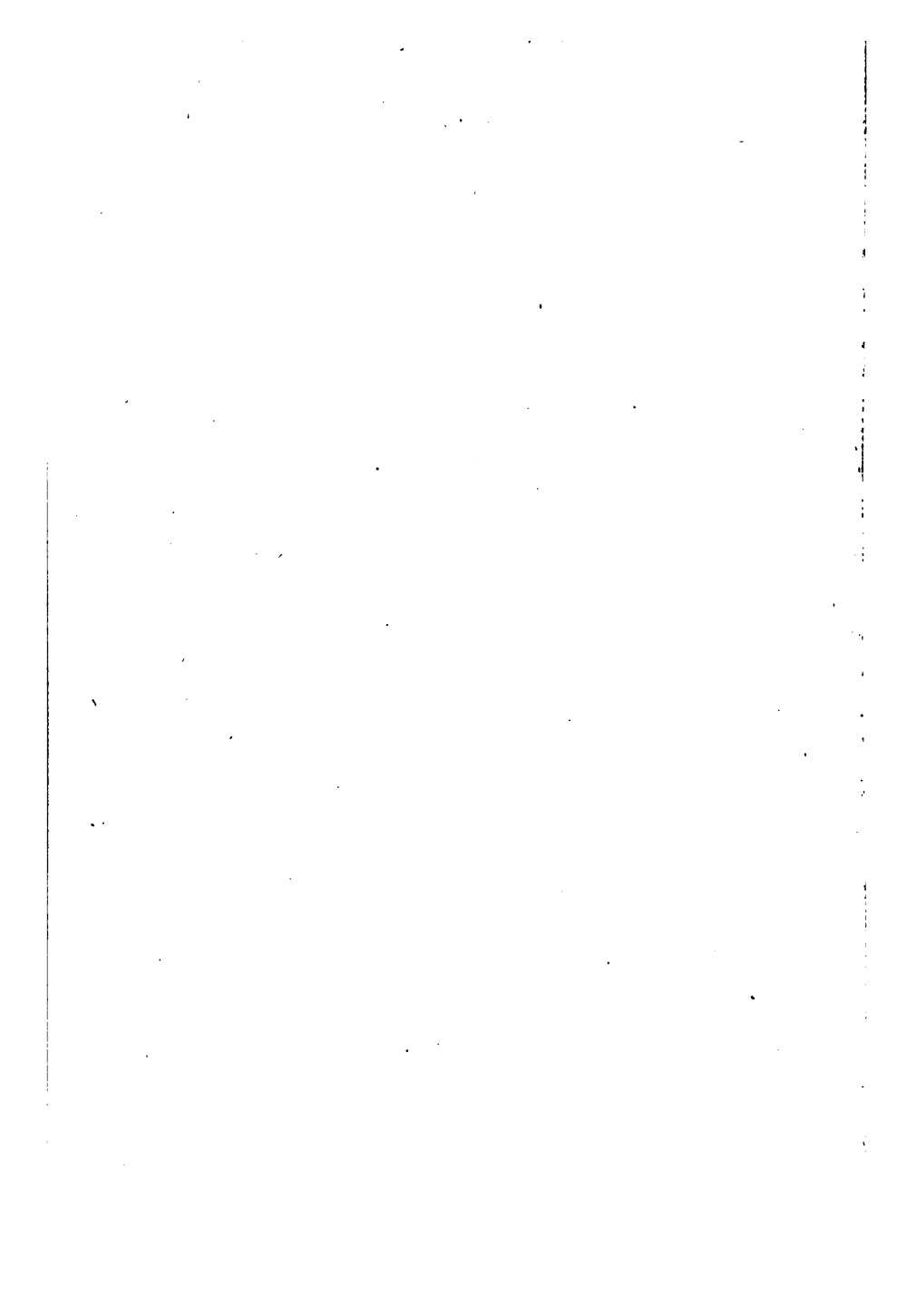
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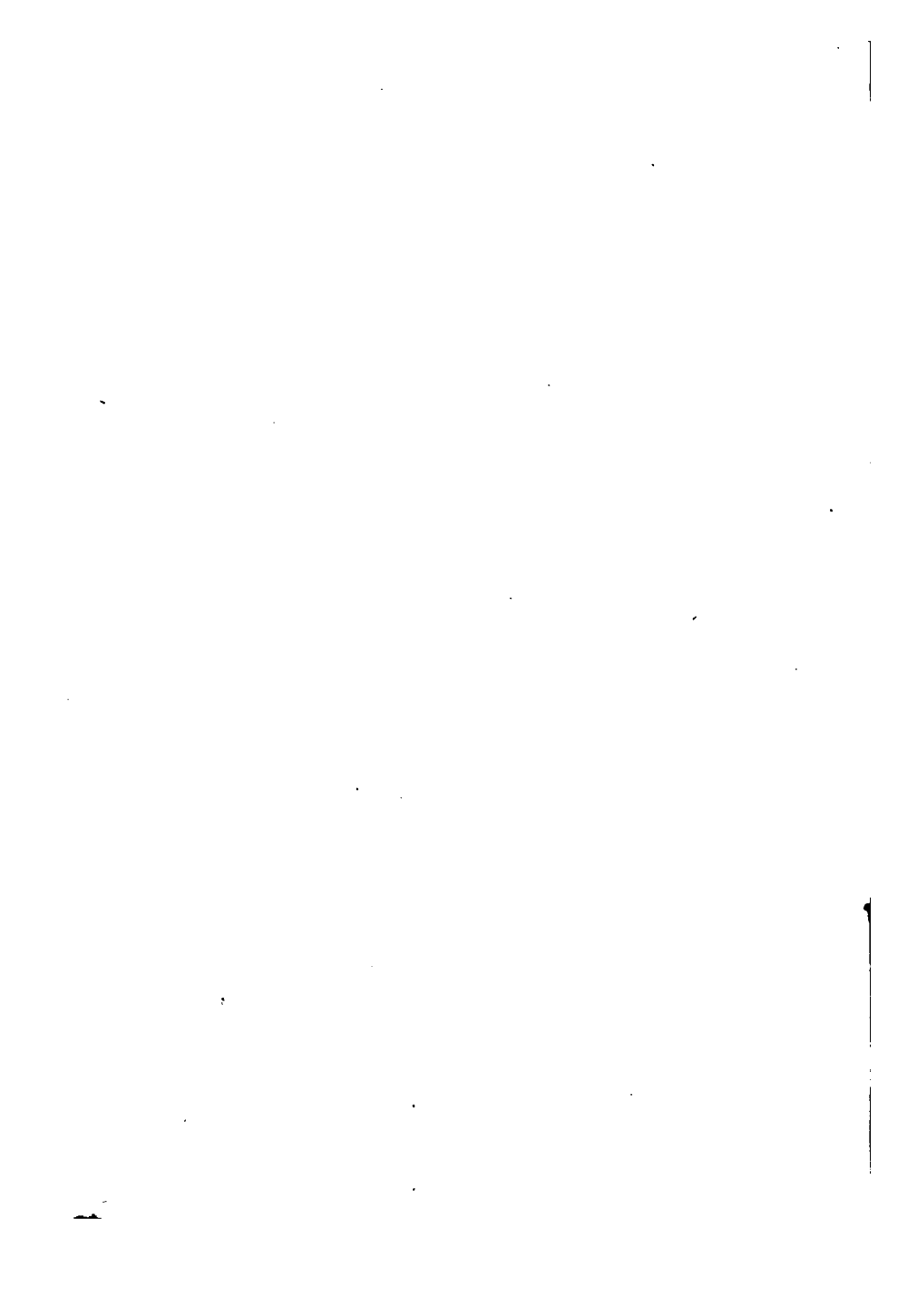
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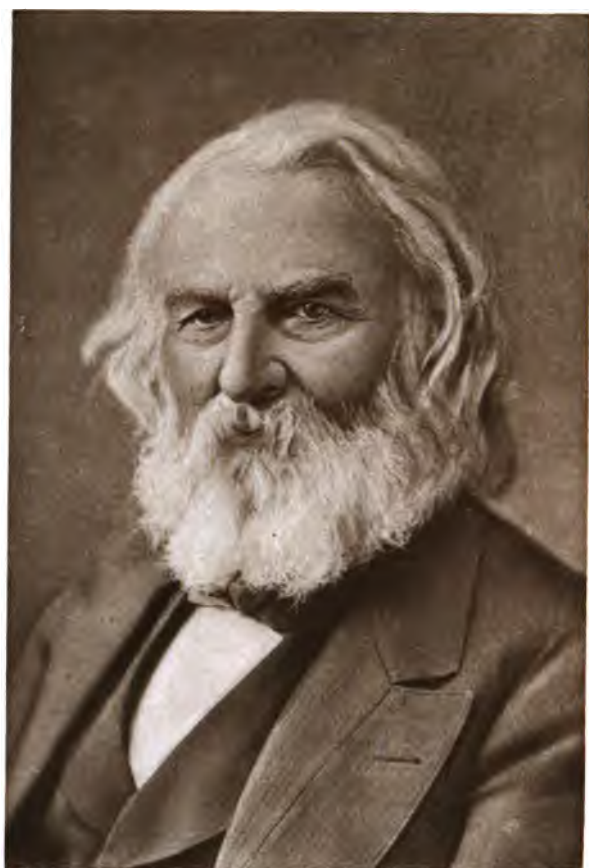


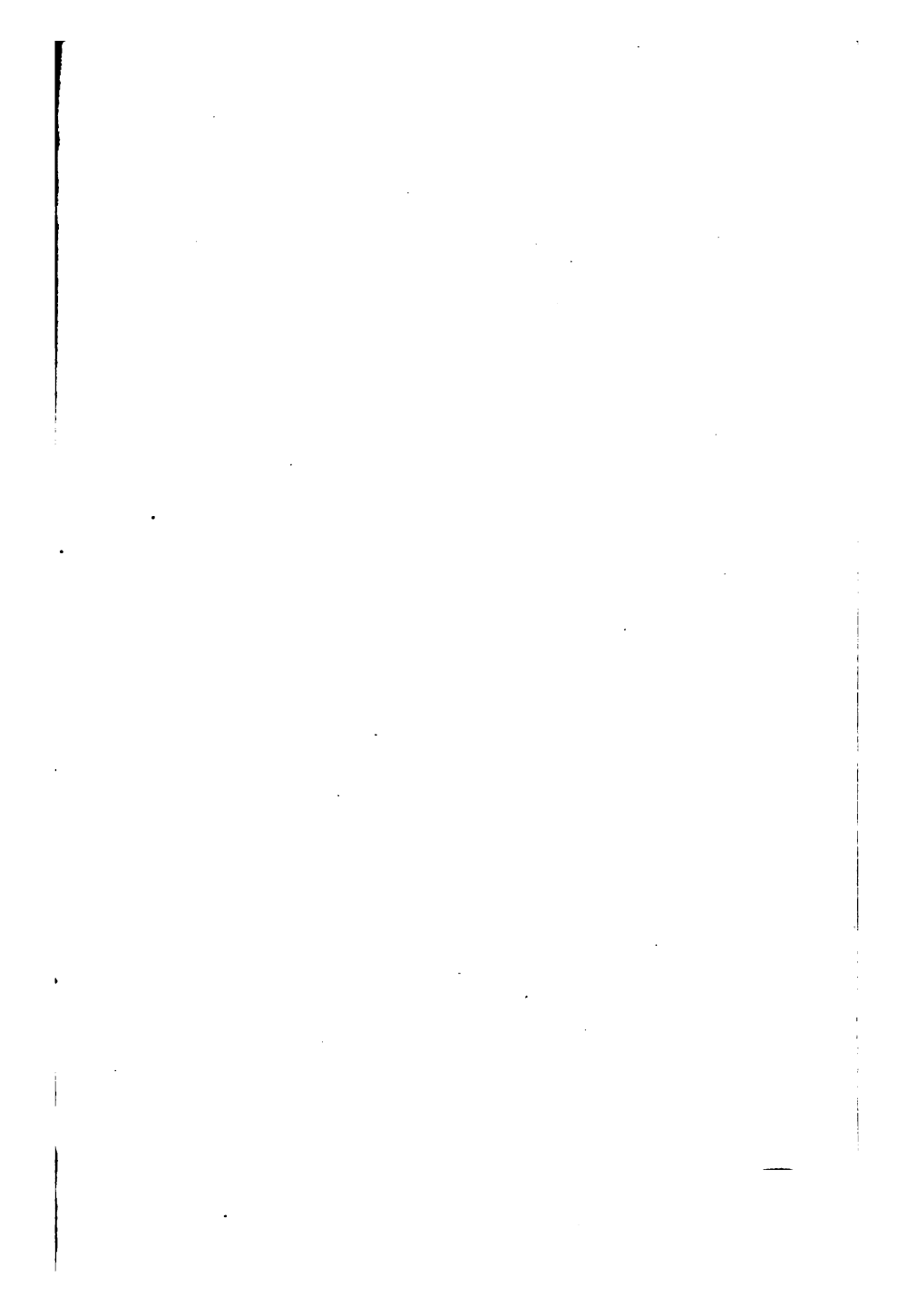
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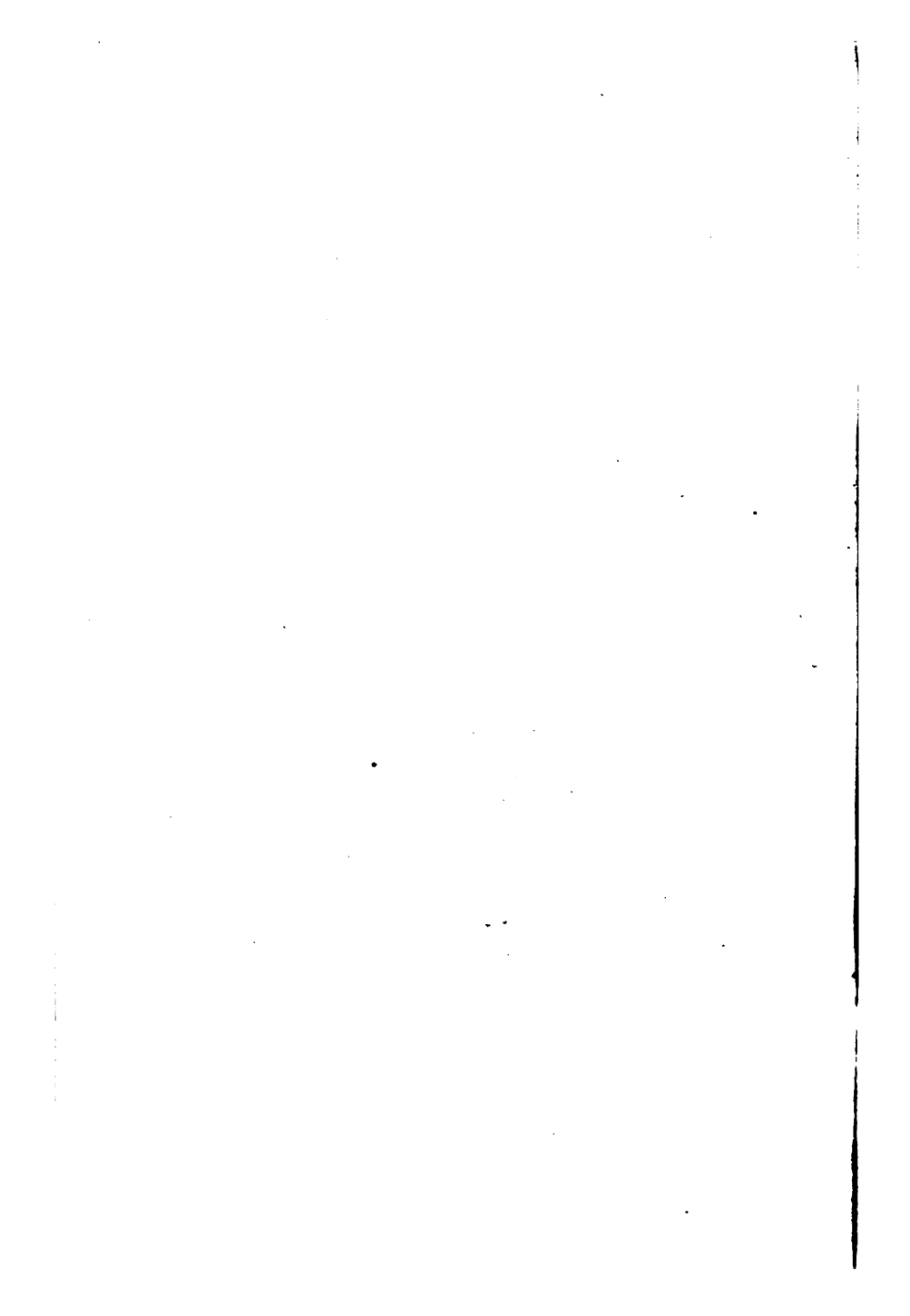


A LONGFELLOW CALENDAR



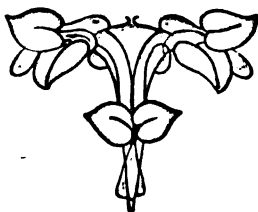






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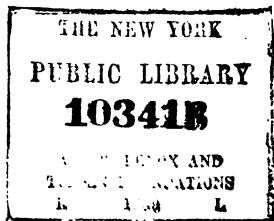
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JANUARY

JANUARY FIRST

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

The Builders

JANUARY SECOND

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

The Ladder of St. Augustine

JANUARY THIRD

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The Ladder of St. Augustine

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JANUARY FOURTH

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to
cherish

God more than all things earthly, and every man
as a brother?

Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith
by your living,

Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to for-
give, and to suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and walk before
God in uprightness?

The Children of the Lord's Supper

JANUARY FIFTH

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,

In thy heart the dew of youth,

On thy lips the smile of truth.

Maidenhood

JANUARY SIXTH

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;

For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be.

I will obey thy voice, and wait to see

Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

The Good Shepherd

JANUARY SEVENTH

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear

Has grown familiar with your song;

I hear it in the opening year,—

I listen, and it cheers me long.

Woods in Winter

JANUARY EIGHTH

I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as
strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened,— confused,—
Not knowing friend from foe.

The Spanish Student

JANUARY NINTH

Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth
upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth,
in the graveyard,—
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrow-
ing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and
helps and consoles them.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

JANUARY TENTH

Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible foun-
tain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submis-
sion and patience!

Evangeline

JANUARY ELEVENTH

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven!

Evangeline

JANUARY TWELFTH

Then in Life's goblet freely press

The leaves that give it bitterness,

Nor prize the colored waters less,

For in thy darkness and distress

New light and strength they give!

The Goblet of Life

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,

That of our vices we can frame

A ladder, if we will but tread

Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

The Ladder of St. Augustine

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,

That have their root in thoughts of ill;

Whatever hinders or impedes

The action of the nobler will; —

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

The Ladder of St. Augustine

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,
and patience!

Evangeline

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air
with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of
her Saviour.

Evangeline

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

Evangeline

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.

The Spanish Student

JANUARY NINETEENTH

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Endymion

JANUARY TWENTIETH

Ye voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

L'Envoy

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

The Spanish Student

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

A Psalm of Life

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Hymn to the Night

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

O sleep, sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The Spanish Student

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

Were half the power, that fills the world with
terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and
courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The Arsenal at Springfield

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

The Arsenal at Springfield

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,

The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Reëchoed down the burning chords,—
“For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o’er!”

The Occultation of Orion

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o’ercometh
Hath power o’er the nations!

The Saga of King Olaf

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Snow-Flakes

JANUARY THIRTIETH

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

Snow-Flakes

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

Snow-Flakes



FEBRUARY

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FEBRUARY FIRST

ONWARD its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done ;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Coplas de Manrique

FEBRUARY SECOND

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Daylight and Moonlight

FEBRUARY THIRD

All are sleeping, weary heart !
Thou, thou only sleepless art !
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart !

The Spanish Student

FEBRUARY FOURTH

This life of ours is a wild aeolian harp of many a
joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual
wail, as of souls in pain.

The Spanish Student

FEBRUARY FIFTH

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that
aches and bleeds with the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and
can comprehend its dark enigma.

The Spanish Student

FEBRUARY SIXTH

Why should I live? Do I not know
The life of woman is full of woe?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!

The Spanish Student

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted ;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, re-
turning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them
full of refreshment ;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again
to the fountain.

Evangeline

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over
his failings,
Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the hea-
venly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back
to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that
we know it.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

FEBRUARY NINTH

Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love
among mortals
Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and
stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on
his eyelids.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

FEBRUARY TENTH

Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,
—Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to
heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the
grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet
play of shadows!

The Children of the Lord's Supper

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

The Two Angels

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

The Two Angels

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

Woods in Winter

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Woods in Winter

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

Afternoon in February

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but song.

The Wayside Inn

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent
walls.

O pure in heart ! from thy sweet dust shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
"Ave Maria" in characters of gold !

The Golden Legend

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

The night is come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The Light of Stars

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

The Light of Stars

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

The Light of Stars

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

The Goblet of Life

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

The Goblet of Life

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

All through life there are way-side inns, where
man may refresh his soul with love ;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets
fed by springs from above.

The Golden Legend

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion !—that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.

To-morrow

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."

To-morrow

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!
The Golden Legend

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast thou been buried!
The Golden Legend

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee !

The Golden Legend

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Woods in Winter



MARCH

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MARCH FIRST

O BLESSED Lord ! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way !
So many hands, that, without heed,
Still touch thy wounds, and make them bleed !
So many feet, that, day by day,
Still wander from thy fold astray !
Unless thou fill me with thy light,
I cannot lead thy flock aright ;
Nør, without thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway !

The Golden Legend

MARCH SECOND

The day is drawing to its close ;
And what good deeds, since first it rose,
Have I presented, Lord, to thee,
As offerings of my ministry ?
What wrong repressed, what right maintained,
What struggle passed, what victory gained,
What good attempted and attained ?

The Golden Legend

MARCH THIRD

Feeble, at best, is my endeavor !
I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies forever in the light,
And yet forever and forever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night !
For thine own purpose, thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement !

The Golden Legend

MARCH FOURTH

O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Are like the yielding, but irresistible air.

Evangeline

MARCH FIFTH

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats
on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the an-
chor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the
world calls illusions.

Evangeline

MARCH SIXTH

Blessed are the pure before God ! Upon purity and
upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

MARCH SEVENTH

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre

MARCH EIGHTH

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

God's-Acre

MARCH NINTH

Weep not, my friends ! rather rejoice with me.
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

The Golden Legend

MARCH TENTH

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapors thrown.

The Golden Legend

MARCH ELEVENTH

Now if my act be good, as I believe,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.

The Golden Legend

MARCH TWELFTH

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it, till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest.

The Golden Legend

MARCH THIRTEENTH

In ancient records it is stated
That, whenever an evil deed is done,
Another devil is created
To scourge and torment the offending one !
But evil is only good perverted,
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,
But an angel fallen and deserted,
Thrust from his Father's house with a curse
Into the black and endless night.

The Golden Legend

MARCH FOURTEENTH

If justice rules the universe,
From the good actions of good men
Angels of light should be begotten,
And thus the balance restored again.

The Golden Legend

MARCH FIFTEENTH

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle ;
Be a hero in the strife !

A Psalm of Life

MARCH SIXTEENTH

Pray for the Dead !
Why for the dead, who are at rest ?
Pray for the living, in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong,
As when good angels war with devils !

The Golden Legend

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in his brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear !

The Building of the Ship

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
“Forever—never !
Never—forever !”

The Old Clock on the Stairs

MARCH NINETEENTH

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

The Old Clock on the Stairs

MARCH TWENTIETH

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

The Arrow and the Song

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

The Arrow and the Song

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

The moon was pallid, but not faint,
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

The Occultation of Orion.

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hange'st on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

The Spanish Student

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

Yet I fain would die.
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

The Spanish Student

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

You are passionate ;
And this same passionate humor in your blood
Has marred your fortune.

The Spanish Student

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star !

The Spanish Student

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream !"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

A Psalm of Life

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

A Psalm of Life

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

A Psalm of Life

MARCH THIRTIETH

Gentle Spring !—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display !
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the
rain ;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Spring

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Coplas de Manrique



APRIL

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APRIL FIRST

ETERNAL Sun ! the warmth which thou hast
given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays ;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.

The Image of God

APRIL SECOND

Celestial King ! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

The Image of God

APRIL THIRD

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

The Quadroon Girl

APRIL FOURTH

I have no other shield than mine own virtue,
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

The Spanish Student

APRIL FIFTH

Thy words fall from thy lips
Like roses from the lips of Angelo: and angels
Might stoop to pick them up!

The Golden Legend

APRIL SIXTH

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
mering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-
scending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the
meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

Evangeline

APRIL SEVENTH

Sleep, sleep, O city ! though within
The circuit of your walls there lies
No habitation free from sin,
And all its nameless miseries ;
The aching heart, the aching head,
Grief for the living and the dead,
And foul corruption of the time,
Disease, distress, and want, and woe,
And crimes, and passions that may grow
Until they ripen into crime !

The Golden Legend

APRIL EIGHTH

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried !

The Goblet of Life

APRIL NINTH

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Coplas de Manrique

APRIL TENTH

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

The Village Blacksmith

APRIL ELEVENTH

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

The Village Blacksmith

APRIL TWELFTH

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread.
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Rain in Summer

APRIL THIRTEENTH

As a pilgrim to the Holy City
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of pardon
Occupied wholly, so would I approach
The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee,
With my petition, putting off from me
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my feet.

The Golden Legend

APRIL FOURTEENTH

This is the day, when from the dead
Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,
Out of their darkness and despair,
Triumphant over fears and foes,
The hearts of his disciples rose ;
When to the women, standing near,
The Angel in shining vesture said,
"The Lord is risen ; he is not here !"

The Golden Legend

APRIL FIFTEENTH

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

Waits, and will not go away ;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made.

Something Left Undone

APRIL SIXTEENTH

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

Weariness

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

Weariness

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

Paul Revere's Ride

APRIL NINETEENTH

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Santa Filomena

APRIL TWENTIETH

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Santa Filomena

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Children

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.

To a Child

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!

The Brook

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles
count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!

The Brook

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of
the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous
gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
devious spirit.

Evangeline

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

An April Day

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

An April Day

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage !

The Song of Hiawatha

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free ;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty !

The Slave in the Dismal Swamp

APRIL THIRTIETH

Down goes the sun
But the soul of one,
Who by repentance
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,
Shines bright below me as I look.

The Golden Legend



MAY

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MAY FIRST

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

It is not always May

MAY SECOND

All things are new ;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;—
There are no birds in last year's nest !

It is not always May

MAY THIRD

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee,
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;

And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said :
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !"

The Birds of Killingworth

MAY FOURTH

Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

The Birds of Killingworth

MAY FIFTH

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant
throng.

The Birds of Killingworth

MAY SIXTH

You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat . . .
Or a few cherries that are not as sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast.

The Birds of Killingworth

MAY SEVENTH

Think, every morning when the sun peeps
through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love !
And when you think of this, remember too

'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

The Birds of Killingworth

MAY EIGHTH

You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know

They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,

And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

The Birds of Killingworth

MAY NINTH

How can I teach your children gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,

Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?

The Birds of Killingworth

MAY TENTH

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondrina is my guest,
'T is the wife of some deserter!"

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

The Emperor's Bird's Nest

MAY ELEVENTH

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

The Emperor's Bird's Nest

MAY TWELFTH

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Maidenhood

MAY THIRTEENTH

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

The Song of Hiawatha

MAY FOURTEENTH

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

The Song of Hiawatha

MAY FIFTEENTH

Now to the sunset
Again hast thou brought us;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!

The Golden Legend

MAY SIXTEENTH

Have pity, Lord! let penitence
Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery!

The Golden Legend

MAY SEVENTEENTH

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

The Bridge

MAY EIGHTEENTH

It is the sea, it is the sea,
In all its vague immensity,
Fading and darkening in the distance !
Silent, majestic, and slow,
The white ships haunt it to and fro.

The Golden Legend

MAY NINETEENTH

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-
will sounded
Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.
“Patience !” whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness ;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
“To-morrow !”

Evangeline

MAY TWENTIETH

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection ;
Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren ;
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead ?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee ?

The Children of the Lord's Supper

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stam-
mer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is callèd
Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown
of thorns round his temples?

The Children of the Lord's Supper

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek;
No violence can harm the meek,
There is no wound Christ cannot heal!

The Golden Legend

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

The Wayside Inn

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

The Wayside Inn

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.

The Spanish Student

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

It is not always May

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her
cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the
wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with
lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on
balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to
the Highest.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

He gave us the horses and the carts,
And the great oxen in the stall,
The vineyard, and the forest range !

The Golden Legend

MAY THIRTIETH

Maiden ! with the meek, brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Maidenhood

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

O, thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Maidenhood



JUNE

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JUNE FIRST

IF thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Sunrise on the Hills

JUNE SECOND

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.

The Spirit of Poetry

JUNE THIRD

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

Prelude

JUNE FOURTH

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Flowers

JUNE FIFTH

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Flowers

JUNE SIXTH

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

A Day of Sunshine

JUNE SEVENTH

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

A Day of Sunshine

JUNE EIGHTH

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

A Day of Sunshine

JUNE NINTH

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flowers
of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and an-
ointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

Evangeline

JUNE TENTH

Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful
Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne ; and,
with hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of
blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that
comes not from Heaven?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has
not received ?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray !

The Children of the Lord's Supper

JUNE ELEVENTH

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

Sandalphon

JUNE TWELFTH

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

Sandalphon

JUNE THIRTEENTH

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Flowers

JUNE FOURTEENTH

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground ;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound.

Prelude

JUNE FIFTEENTH

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea.

Prelude

JUNE SIXTEENTH

O Life and Love ! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !
O heart of man ! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

A Day of Sunshine

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts ; or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.

The Golden Legend

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

A man of such a genial mood -
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.

The Wayside Inn

JUNE NINETEENTH

The green trees whispered low and mild,
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy.

Prelude

JUNE TWENTIETH

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lisps of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Prelude

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.

The Spanish Student

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown !

The Wayside Inn

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

Something there was in her life incomplete, im-
perfect, unfinished ;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and
sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly
descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Evangeline

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and
the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience !
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
"Father, I thank thee !"

Evangeline

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from
its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers
are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
church-yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and
unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are
at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey !

Evangeline

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,
Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
Along the highway of the world
A moment only, then to fall
Back to a common level all,
At the subsiding of the gust !

The Spanish Student

Yet why should I fear death! What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

The Spanish Student

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"

The mourners said, "and Death is rest and
peace;"

Then added, in the certainty of faith,

"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

The thought of my short-comings in this life
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

The Golden Legend

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

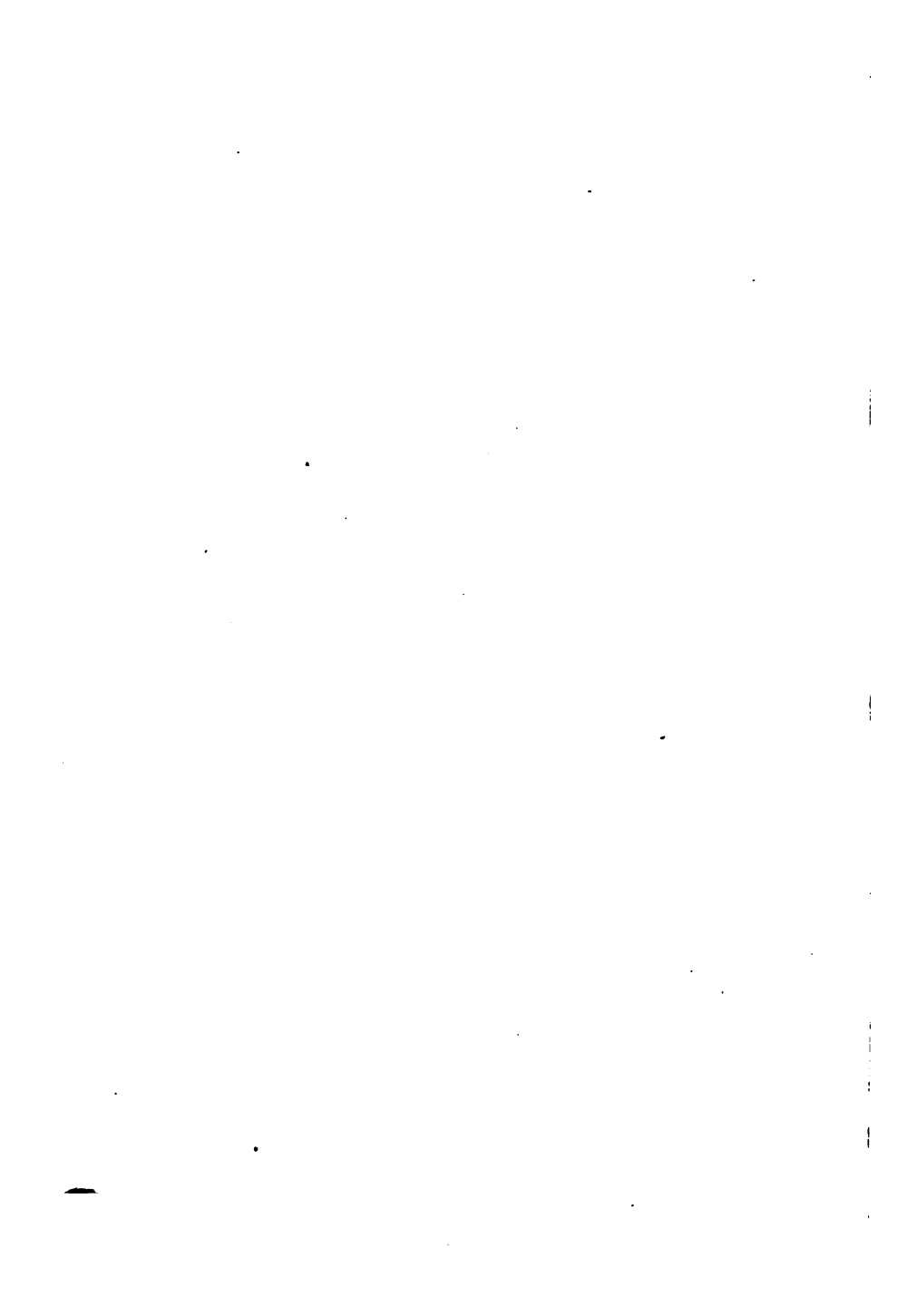
Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

Poetic Aphorisms

JUNE THIRTIETH

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

Poetic Aphorisms





JULY

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JULY FIRST

UNDER him lay the golden moss ;
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites ;
And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

The Golden Legend

JULY SECOND

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world ; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the
clouds
When the sun sets.

The Spirit of Poetry

JULY THIRD

Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?
I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

The Song of Hiawatha

JULY FOURTH

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

The Arsenal at Springfield

JULY FIFTH

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then
cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

The Arsenal at Springfield

JULY SIXTH

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

The Arsenal at Springfield

JULY SEVENTH

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

The Birds of Killingworth

JULY EIGHTH

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

The Birds of Killingworth

JULY NINTH

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
(For after all the best thing one can do
When it is raining is to let it rain.)
Then they repealed the law although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again.

The Birds of Killingworth

JULY TENTH

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

The Song of Hiawatha

JULY ELEVENTH

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
The Song of Hiawatha

JULY TWELFTH

When Christ ascended
Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar.
I had a vision in the night,
And saw him standing at the door
Of his Father's mansion, vast and splendid,
And beckoning to me from afar.
The Golden Legend

JULY THIRTEENTH

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!
The Song of Hiawatha

JULY FOURTEENTH

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be !
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives !

The Building of the Ship

JULY FIFTEENTH

Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah ! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.

The Building of the Ship

JULY SIXTEENTH

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

The Builders

JULY SEVENTEENTH

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

The Builders

JULY EIGHTEENTH

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts

We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margin,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent!

The Golden Legend

JULY NINETEENTH

How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering
flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!
O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape
o'er!

The Golden Legend

JULY TWENTIETH

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

A Psalm of Life

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

The evening air grows dusk and brown;
I must go forth into the town,
To visit beds of pain and death,
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
That see, through tears, the sun go down,
But nevermore shall see it rise.
The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate,
Must not on man's convenience wait.

The Golden Legend

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

The Song of Hiawatha

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

So disasters come not singly ;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

The Song of Hiawatha

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

Resignation

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

Resignation

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

We have no title-deeds to house or lands ;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

Haunted Houses

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;
He but perceives what is ; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

Haunted Houses

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight ;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers !

The Golden Legend

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Alas ! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain ;

The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!

The Golden Legend

JULY THIRTIETH

Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.
Then I am free and strong,—once more myself.

The Spanish Student

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast
trod the green turf of the prairies?
How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast
breathed the sweet air of the mountains?

To the Driving Cloud



AUGUST

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AUGUST FIRST

TO One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

Coplas de Manrique

AUGUST SECOND

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is
gazing upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion !
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, “O
Father, forgive them !”
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, “O Father, forgive
them !”

The Children of the Lord's Supper

AUGUST THIRD

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

The Slave Singing at Midnight

AUGUST FOURTH

The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!

The Saga of King Olaf

AUGUST FIFTH

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

The Builders

AUGUST SIXTH

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting, with
exactness grinds he all.

Poetic Aphorisms

AUGUST SEVENTH

What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect !
The intellect is finite ; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

The Spanish Student

AUGUST EIGHTH

But if thou lovest,—mark me ! I say lovest,
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not !
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame.

The Spanish Student

AUGUST NINTH

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian ;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never ending vistas of delight.

The Spanish Student

AUGUST TENTH

Disenchantment ! Disillusion !
Must each noble aspiration
Come at last to this conclusion,
Jarring discord, wild confusion,
Lassitude, renunciation ?

Epimetheus

AUGUST ELEVENTH

Why seek to know ?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

The Spanish Student

AUGUST TWELFTH

Good night ! Good night, beloved !
I come to watch o'er thee !
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers !
Good night ! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

The Spanish Student

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

An April Day

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.

The Song of Hiawatha

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Dante

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

A Gleam of Sunshine

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

Come to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

Children

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Children

AUGUST NINETEENTH

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

The Day is Done

AUGUST TWENTIETH

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

The Day is Done

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

The Day is Done

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—

Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

The Song of Hiawatha

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!

The Song of Hiawatha

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?
Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

The Spanish Student

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.

The Spanish Student

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

Go, sin no more! Thy penance o'er,
A new and better life begin!
God maketh thee forever free
From the dominion of thy sin!

Go, sin no more! He will restore
The peace that filled thy heart before,
And pardon thine iniquity!

The Golden Legend

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

Interlude

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

The reign of violence is o'er
Or dying surely from the world;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for this:
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies.

Interlude

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

The Song of Hiawatha

AUGUST THIRTIETH

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body,
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

The Song of Hiawatha

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

The Song of Hiawatha



SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER FIRST

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land
of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive
dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan
leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puri-
tan Captain.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and
athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with mus-
cles and sinews of iron ;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard
was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes
in November.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER SECOND

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of
Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words
but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart
of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short
is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER THIRD

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired
taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed,
bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject
with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand
still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken
by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stam-
mered than answered :
“Such a message as that I am sure I should man-
gle and mar it ;
If you would have it well done,—I am only re-
peating your maxim,—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
others !”

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Cap-
tain of Plymouth :
“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to
gainsay it ;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!"

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion ?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence ?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England ?"

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him,

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,

Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.

"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,

Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !

So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them."

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards ;

Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,

Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,

It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth forever !"

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER NINTH

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-
running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak
for yourself, John?"

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TENTH

That is the way with you men ; you don't under-
stand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after think-
ing of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with
another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt
and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps,
that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never
suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which
you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's
affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the
asking.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

For there are moments in life, when the heart is
so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths
like a pebble

Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its
secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gath-
ered together.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of
women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the
household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows re-
joiced at his coming ;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the
mountains ;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at
anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms
of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flap-
ping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands
of the sailors.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

There with his boat was the Master, already a lit-
tle impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might
shift to the eastward,

Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of
ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming
letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled
together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly
bewildered.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed
on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times
with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager
for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to
his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than
keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that
would rise and pursue him.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form
of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all
that was passing.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his
intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, implor-
ing, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled
from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more
is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mys-
terious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are
moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the
wall adamantine!

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

"There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so
wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed
by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible
presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting
her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this
rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last
at the leaving!"

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell
of the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in
the Mayflower!

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to
this ploughing!

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat
for this planting,

Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a
nation;

So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of
the people!

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent
of purple and scarlet,

Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his gar-
ments resplendent,

Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his
forehead,

Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and
pomegranates.

Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor
beneath him

Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his
feet was a laver!

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.

Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also

Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of Heaven.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,

Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing

Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,

Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,

Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,

Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,

Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth
and of Boaz.

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the
words of betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and wife in the
Magistrate's presence,

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom
of Holland.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad
in the sunshine,

Lay extended before them the land of toil and
privation ;

There were the graves of the dead, and the barren
waste of the seashore,

There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and
the meadows ;

But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the
Garden of Eden,

Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was
the sound of the ocean.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pour-
ing his splendors,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches
above them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of
the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the
valley of Eshcol.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral
ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling
Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful
always,
Love immortal and young in the endless suc-
cession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward
the bridal procession.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

The morrow was a bright September morn ;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born ;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.

The Falcon of Ser Federigo
(*Tales of a Wayside Inn*)

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

A Glean of Sunshine

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

The Day is Done

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!

The Song of Hiawatha

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

You do not look on life and death as I do.
There are two angels, that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent ; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.

The Golden Legend



OCTOBER

OCTOBER FIRST

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land.

Autumn
(Sonnet.)

OCTOBER SECOND

Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain,
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heavens' o'erhanging eaves,
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended ;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden
leaves !

Autumn
(Sonnet.)

OCTOBER THIRD

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day

OCTOBER FOURTH

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day

OCTOBER FIFTH

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day

OCTOBER SIXTH

Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees.

The Birds of Killingworth

OCTOBER SEVENTH

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland
crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their
breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests ;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Birds of Killingworth

OCTOBER EIGHTH

Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

The Birds of Killingworth

OCTOBER NINTH

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

Autumn
(Earlier Poems)

OCTOBER TENTH

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary.

Autumn
(Earlier Poems)

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

Yet in this age
We need another Hildebrand, to shake
And purify us like a mighty wind,
The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder
God does not lose his patience with it wholly,
And shatter it like glass!

The Golden Legend

OCTOBER TWELFTH

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, — chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all ;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;
The strongest fall.

Coplas de Manrique

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

Tell me, — the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they ?

Coplas de Manrique

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

Be noble in every thought
And in every deed !
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.
Be strong ! be good ! be pure !
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretences.

The Golden Legend

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

To a Child

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease,
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

Dante

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds,
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.

The Golden Legend

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

The Golden Legend

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

The Norman Baron

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

The Beleaguered City

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghostly fears are dead.

The Beleaguered City

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

The night is silent, the wind is still,
The moon is looking from yonder hill
Down upon convent, and grove, and garden ;
The clouds have passed away from her face,
Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,
Only the tender and quiet grace
Of one, whose heart has been healed with pardon.

The Golden Legend

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

And such am I. My soul within
Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.
But now its wounds are healed again ;
Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain ;
For across that desolate land of woe,
O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go,
A wind from heaven began to blow ;
And all my being trembled and shook,
As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field,
And I was healed, as the sick are healed,
When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book !

The Golden Legend

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The Singers

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Thy dress was like the lilies;
And thy heart as pure as they:
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

A Gleam of Sunshine

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

The Spanish Student

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,
And the only darkness that which lies
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,
Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,
As to one I have known and loved before;
For every soul is akin to me
That dwells in the land of mystery!

The Golden Legend

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

Footsteps of Angels

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Pegasus in Pound

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings.

Autumn
(Earlier Poems)

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

Autumn
(Earlier Poems)



NOVEMBER

..

NOVEMBER FIRST

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teach-
ings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

Autumn
(Earlier Poems)

NOVEMBER SECOND

Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he,
and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips
that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the
arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face
of its father.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

NOVEMBER THIRD

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

Resignation

NOVEMBER FOURTH

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,—
They fade and die ;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally !

Coplas de Manrique

NOVEMBER FIFTH

Think of this, O Hiawatha !
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and forever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

The Song of Hiawatha

NOVEMBER SIXTH

Clear fount of light ! my native land on high
Bright with a glory that shall never fade !
Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.

There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.

The Native Land

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

Beloved country ! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee !
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

The Native Land

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Haunted Houses

NOVEMBER NINTH

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

Haunted Houses

NOVEMBER TENTH

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

Haunted Houses

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of
the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrink-
ing mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings
of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom
has attained it.

Evangeline

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

O gentle spirit ! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

The Spanish Student

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come
snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

Annie of Tharaw

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains
fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through mani-
fold wrong.

Annie of Tharaw

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command !
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest !

The Building of the Ship

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

Alas ! the world is full of peril !
The path that runs through the fairest meads,
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile !
Alike in the high-born and the lowly,
The will is feeble, and passion strong.
We cannot sever right from wrong ;
Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;
Nor is it strange the heart of youth
Should waver and comprehend but slowly
The things that are holy and unholy !

The Golden Legend

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Hereafter ?—And do you think to look
On the terrible pages of that Book
To find her failings, faults, and errors ?
Ah, you will then have other cares,
In your own short-comings and despairs,
In your own secret sins and terrors !

In the Churchyard at Cambridge

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

The Spanish Student

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

Come back ! ye friendships long departed !
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun !
Come back ! ye friends, whose lives are ended !
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away !

The Golden Legend

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy ;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

The Spanish Student

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of
steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

The Warning

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

All is but a symbol painted
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;
Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

Prometheus

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

God sent his messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's heart,
"Rise up, and look from where thou art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of Death."

The Golden Legend

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

Poetic Aphorisms

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to
be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
others!

The Courtship of Miles Standish

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing
more:

If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

Hymn. "For my Brother's Ordination"

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

Hymn. "For my Brother's Ordination"

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and
doctrines three
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Chris-
tianity may be.

Poetic Aphorisms

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever
round ;

If they have nothing else to grind, they must
themselves be ground.

Poetic Aphorisms

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

Joy and Temperance and Repose

Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

Poetic Aphorisms



DECEMBER

DECEMBER FIRST

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the Winter sunset.
The Golden Mile-Stone

DECEMBER SECOND

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone ;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.
The Golden Mile-Stone

DECEMBER THIRD

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.
We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations !
The Golden Mile-Stone

DECEMBER FOURTH

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered ;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo ! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo ! they are not."

The Song of Hiawatha

DECEMBER FIFTH

Cover the embers,
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Curfew

DECEMBER SIXTH

Our hearts are lamps forever burning,
With a steady and unwavering flame,
Pointing upward, forever the same,
Steadily upward toward the Heaven !

The Golden Legend

DECEMBER SEVENTH

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

Resignation

DECEMBER EIGHTH

Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

The Golden Legend

DECEMBER NINTH

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness.

The Golden Legend

DECEMBER TENTH

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;

Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

Rain in Summer

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment.

The Golden Legend

DECEMBER TWELFTH

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and
comfort it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us,
like the smoke.

Poetic Aphorisms

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

The Spanish Student

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?

The Spanish Student

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Song of the Silent Land

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

Song of the Silent Land

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

Song of the Silent Land

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

Woods in Winter

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
Of your adversities.

The Spanish Student

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and
bear witness

Not what they seemed,—but what they were
only. Blessed is he who

Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon
earth until death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow
spontaneous

Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the
Good is an offspring,

Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are
no more than

Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the ani-
mate spring-tide.

The Children of the Lord's Supper

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Our Lord and Master,
When he departed, left us in his will,
As our best legacy on earth, the poor !
These we have always with us ; had we not,
Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

The Golden Legend

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility.

To a Child

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

A Christmas Carol

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth!
Though in a manger thou drawest thy breath,
Thou art greater than Life and Death,
Greater than Joy or Woe!

This cross upon the line of life
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
And through a region with dangers rife
In darkness shalt thou go!

The Golden Legend

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

The Song of Hiawatha

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.

Spring

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

O holy Father! pardon in me
The oscillation of a mind
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
Its centre of rest and harmony!
For evermore before mine eyes
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,
And as a madman through a crowd,
With frantic gestures and wild cries,
It hurries onward, and aloud
Repeats its awful prophecies!
Weakness is wretchedness! To be strong
Is to be happy! I am weak,
And cannot find the good I seek,
Because I feel and fear the wrong!

The Golden Legend

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The Ladder of St. Augustine

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

The Ladder of St. Augustine

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Curfew



